

like the Crusaders of old, to arm for the fight, not as then, against flesh and blood, but against the powers of evil—something that shall make them feel that *each* one of *them* is called to be a standard-bearer in the fight, something that will make each realise the individual application of the command, "Be ye holy *for* I am holy!" And what can we find higher, nobler than this, viz., the idea of the Father's business waiting even now for the time when they, with well trained bodies and minds and souls, shall be able to undertake it in the quickly approaching years.

Yes, let us help them one by one to realise a little of what the Beloved Apostle means by: "My little children, *now* are we the sons of God," or the loftiness of the aim set before us by that brave, indomitable pioneer of the Christian Faith, S. Paul, when he says, "Be ye therefore followers (i.e., *imitators*) of God, as dear children." Let us see to it, dear fellow-students, that none of the young lives with which we are brought into contact, either in regular teaching or *otherwise*, are suffered to go forth into life's battle without this attitude of Christ our Master towards His work having been put before them, with earnest prayer on our own side that the words spoken by us may not be suffered to return unto Him "void." Let us read and re-read that most helpful paper in the February *P.R.*, "The Boy Jesus." In it the idea of the "must" is the one most forcibly brought out. Let us add to it this thought, viz., that the boys and girls of to-day are the human instruments through whom the Father's business in this world is to be done in the near future. If we do this, and "watch unto prayer," we shall not fail to recognise the critical moment when the inspiring idea may be given: "I, too, must turn and look at the work my Father is preparing for me that I may be ready as a 'trained athlete' to run the race that is set before me." When any young eager boy or girl has grasped this truth, thoughtfulness will become "an attitude of soul," and the maxim, "Throw perfection into all that you do" will be daily more and more acted upon. Then, as they "increase in wisdom and stature," they will learn to look more and more outward and upward into the face of their Father God, there to seek the strength which shall enable them loyally, manfully, joyously, obediently to go on preparing for the time when they, too, shall be privileged to help in the administration of "the Father's business."

C. F. BARNETT.

POEM:

"A NATURE WALK."

THE sun was shining on the lake,
Shining with all his might—
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright;
And all the little students stood
And gazed in sheer delight.

"Oh, students! come and walk with me,"
Miss Hodgson did beseech;
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the shingly beach.
I cannot do with more than four,
To have a chat with each."

Four little students hurried up,
All ready for the trot,
With badges and with walking-sticks,
With basket and what not;
They had on coats—and that was odd,
Because it was so hot.

Miss Hodgson and her company
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested in a ditch
And poked about below;
At least, Miss Hodgson did, but they
Stood waiting in a row.

"The time is come," Miss Hodgson said,
To talk of many things,
Of Scrophulariaceæ,
Of butterflies and wings;
Of why the limestone rock is here,
And why the cricket sings.

"A magnifying glass," she said,
 "Is what we chiefly need,
 Scissors and knives will help to
 Dissect this lovely seed;
 I daresay some would think of it
 As nothing but a weed."

"But wait a bit," the students cried,
 "Before we look at that,
 For we have found a lovely bug,
 And it is very fat;
 We think it will become some day
 The moth called Kitten-cat."

"I weep for you," Miss Hodgson said;
 "It gives me dreadful pain
 To think that you are all devoid
 Of any sort of brain.
 I've told you once that creature's name,
 And wont do so again;

"I've told it you so often that
 You really should not doubt."
 The students they said nothing but
 "The potentilla's out;
 And here's a little weevil,
 With a long protruding snout."

"Oh, students!" then Miss Hodgson said,
 "We've had a pleasant poke,
 Shall we be turning back again?"
 The students never spoke—
 And that was hardly odd, because
 They'd found the flower of oak.

L. M. G.

THE CHILD AS A BARBARIAN.

WE hear much in these days of "Evolution." The word is on every man's lips, or it finds some application in every idea or in every fact presented to our consciousness. We have an old proverb, "The child is father to the man," and it is our especial province to assist this evolution of the man from the child, and as our doctrine of habit teaches us that we inherit so largely from our past selves, it behoves us to guard the child from "undue influence" in making the testament of his childhood, and yet to see that he does not in youth leave for himself a legacy of tares and thorns.

It has been stated by those who have studied the condition of humanity before birth that the child goes through every step of the physical evolution of which we find traces in the remains of early man, but in which there are still so many missing links. Undoubtedly there is some progress from a lower to a higher stage of development, as the occasional advent of a "freak" testifies. In the spiritual and mental life we can have, however, no doubt that such a process does take place, and that the dormant germs, the vast latent possibilities of childhood, do or do not, as the case may be, find fulfilment in the man.

We moreover believe that education is not confined to the individual, and that whereas the educational thought of the world has progressed but slowly, and still retains some husks of former error, if we look to the history of the world we there see the divine pattern of education, the slow upbuilding of the human race from the primitive simplicity of Genesis to the civilised complexity of to-day.

Man, in the dawn of life, began then as a "noble savage," and there the child begins to-day—a fact which Rousseau with all his errors had the acumen to see. If we consider the ideal savage of to-day—still uncontaminated by fire-water and European clothes—we find one adjective alone which completely describes him, and that is "childlike." Let us then consider what some of their common characteristics may be.

The savage is renowned for the extraordinary development of his senses; his natural powers have been so trained that he hears the foe coming in the far distance, and that he sees the lances of an "Impi" flash on the distant mountain side. Children also, where their natural powers have not been blunted, possess this quickness, as the sad story of Kaspar Hauser testifies; they only decay from lack of exercise when insufficient matter is brought beneath their observation, and when their elders' polite indifference discourages them from trying to hear, for example, the train coming before anybody else.